

## THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

### APPENDIX - MEDITATION 4

#### The Presentation in the Temple (P317) (elaboration of the 23<sup>rd</sup> Day)

"My mother, I love you; love me too. Increase in my soul the Will of God, and grant me your blessing also, so that I may do all my actions under your maternal gaze."

#### The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Holy Mother, here I am beside you to accompany you to the Temple where you go to accomplish the greatest sacrifice of all.

Here you wish to place at the mercy of every soul, the life of your heavenly infant Jesus; you do so in order that all souls might avail themselves of his mercy, and be safeguarded and sanctified.

But how sorrowful it is to see that many use Jesus' mercy to offend him - and some offend him to their own perdition!

My dear mother, place little Jesus in my heart, and I promise you, I pledge that I will always love him and make him the life of my poor heart.

#### Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, how happy I am to have you next to me.

My maternal heart desires to pour out my love and confide to you my secrets.

Now, listen closely to what I am about to tell you.

It is now forty days that we have been in this grotto of Bethlehem, the first home of my Son on earth.

How many wonders occurred in this grotto!

My heavenly infant Jesus, in an outpouring of love, descended from heaven to earth.

He was conceived and born in me, and desired to share with others the magnitude of his love.

Each tear, wail and moan he emitted was an outpouring of his love.

Also, he allowed himself to become numb with cold, and his lips, livid and shivering, expressed the outpourings of all the love He wanted to give us.

And as He looked for his mother to deposit in her this love which He could no longer contain, I was enraptured and continuously wounded by his love.

I felt my dear little child's heartbeats, breath and motions within my maternal heart.

I felt him crying, moaning and whimpering, and I was enveloped by the flames of his love.

The circumcision had already opened up in my soul deep wounds into which He poured so much love that I felt my prerogatives of Queen and Mother of Love come alive in me.

I felt enraptured in seeing that with every pain, tear and movement of my sweet Jesus, He looked for and called upon me, his mother, as the dear refuge of his acts and of his life.

My child, who could possibly describe to you what transpired between me and my heavenly infant Jesus during these forty days?

His acts concurred with mine - his tears, sorrows and love were as though transfused in me.

Whatever He did, I did.

Now, at the end of the forty days my dear baby Jesus, inebriated more than ever with love, wanted to obey the law by presenting himself in the Temple to offer himself for the salvation of all.

It was the Divine Will that called us to accomplish this great sacrifice, and we promptly obeyed.

My child, when the Divine Fiat finds promptness in doing whatever it desires, it puts at the soul's disposal its own divine fortitude,

its own sanctity and its own creative power to multiply whatever act of sacrifice the souls accomplishes on behalf of each and every individual; the Divine Fiat places in the soul's sacrifice the little coin of infinite value with which one can pay the debts for all souls and offer satisfaction on everyone's behalf.

It was the first time that your tender mother and Saint Joseph went out in public together with our baby Jesus.

All creation recognized its Creator; creation felt honoured at having Jesus in its company and, rejoicing, it accompanied us in our journey.

As we arrived at the Temple, we prostrated ourselves and adored the Supreme Majesty.

The priest was Simeon, and as I placed Jesus in his arms, he recognized him as the Divine Word and exulted with immense joy.

After the offering, he assumed the prophetic role and prophesied all my sorrows. Oh, how the Supreme Fiat sorrowfully resounded in my maternal heart, revealing the bitter tragedy of all the sorrows of my little Son!

But that which pierced me the most were the words that the holy prophet said to me:

"This dear baby will be the salvation and fall of many, and He will be the target of contradictions."

If the Divine Will had not sustained me, I would have instantly died of pure sorrow; but it gave me life, and used it to form in me the kingdom of sorrows within the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Therefore, in addition to the Office of Motherhood which I exercised over all, I acquired the title of Mother and Queen of all Sorrows.

Oh, yes, with my sorrows, I acquired the little coin to pay the debts of my children, and even those of my ungrateful children.

Now, my child, in the light of the Divine Will I already knew all the sorrows I was to endure – even more than those which the holy prophet had foretold.

But in that ever-so solemn act of offering my own Son, and in hearing it all being repeated, I felt so pierced that my heart bled, and deep furrows opened within my soul.

Now, listen closely to your tender mother:

In the pains and sorrowful encounters that are not lacking to you, as you acknowledge the sacrifice the Divine Will desires of you, never lose heart, but promptly repeat your dear and sweet Fiat:

"Whatever you desire, I desire."

And with heroic love, let the Divine Will take up its royal place in your sorrows, so that it may convert them into a little coin of infinite value with which you will be able to pay your debts, as well as those of your brothers.

By this means, you will ransom them from the slavery of the human will and admit them as free children of God to the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat.

Indeed, the Divine Will is so pleased by the soul's acceptance of the sacrifice it asks of it, that it bestows upon the soul all of its divine prerogatives, and constitutes it the queen of sacrifice and the source of the blessings that will reign in all creatures.

### **The soul to its Heavenly Mother:**

Holy Mother, absorb all my sorrows within your pierced heart; you know how much they afflict me.

Be a mother to me by pouring the balm of your sorrows into my heart, so that I may share in your own destiny.

May I use my sorrows like you to court Jesus, defend him and shelter him from all offences and, in this way, obtain the surest means of acquiring the Kingdom of the Divine Will and establishing its reign on earth.

**Aspiration:**

Today, to honour me, come into my arms so that I may offer you to the Heavenly Father together with my Son, to obtain in you the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

**Exclamation:**

Holy Mother, pour your sorrow into my soul and convert all my pains into the Will of God.